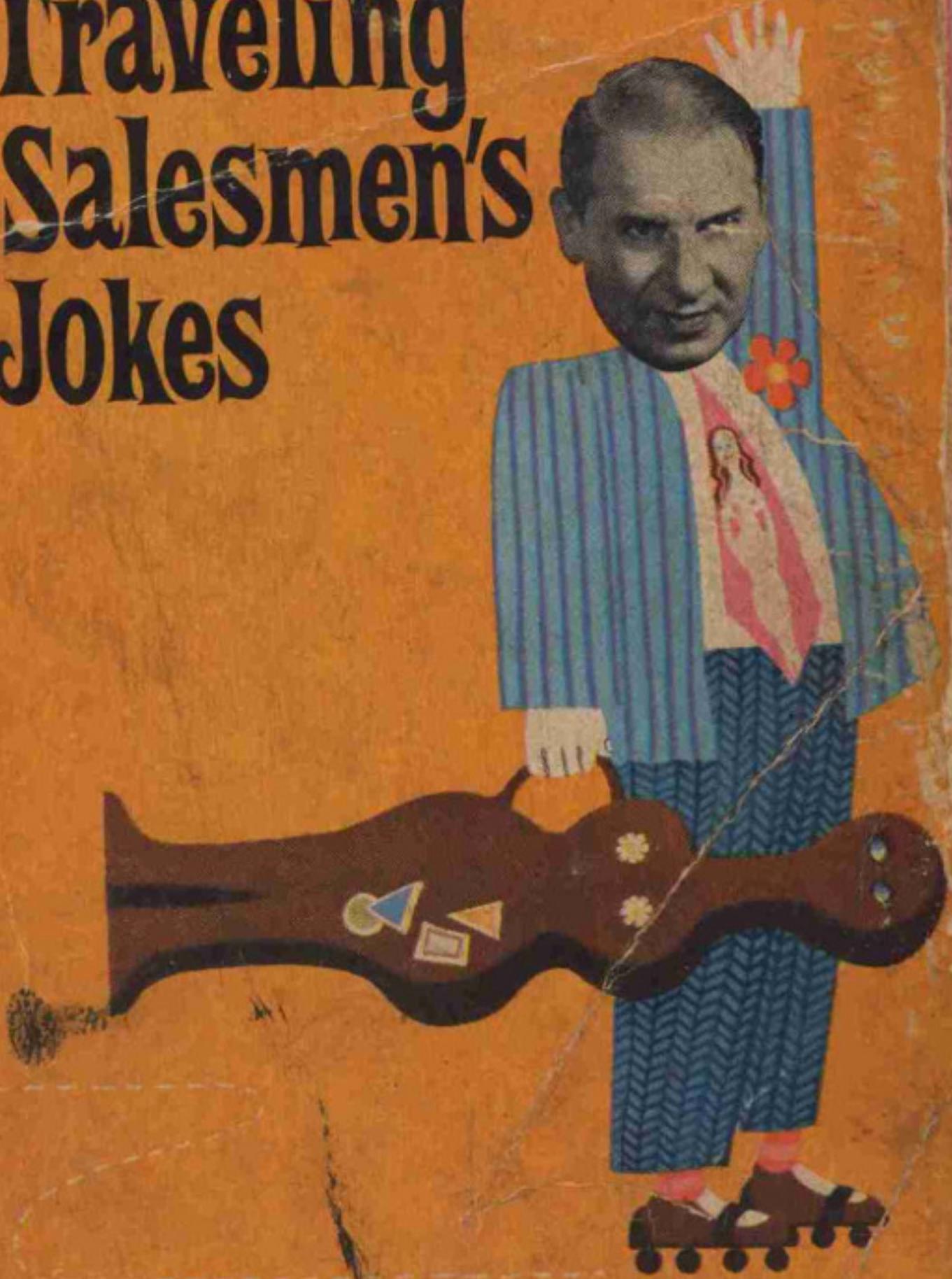



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Jokes





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Frank
**400
Traveling
Salesmen's
Jokes
by
HENNY
YOUNGMAN**

With illustrations
by Fred Hausman

PUBLISHED BY POCKET BOOKS NEW YORK

400 TRAVELING SALESMEN'S JOKES

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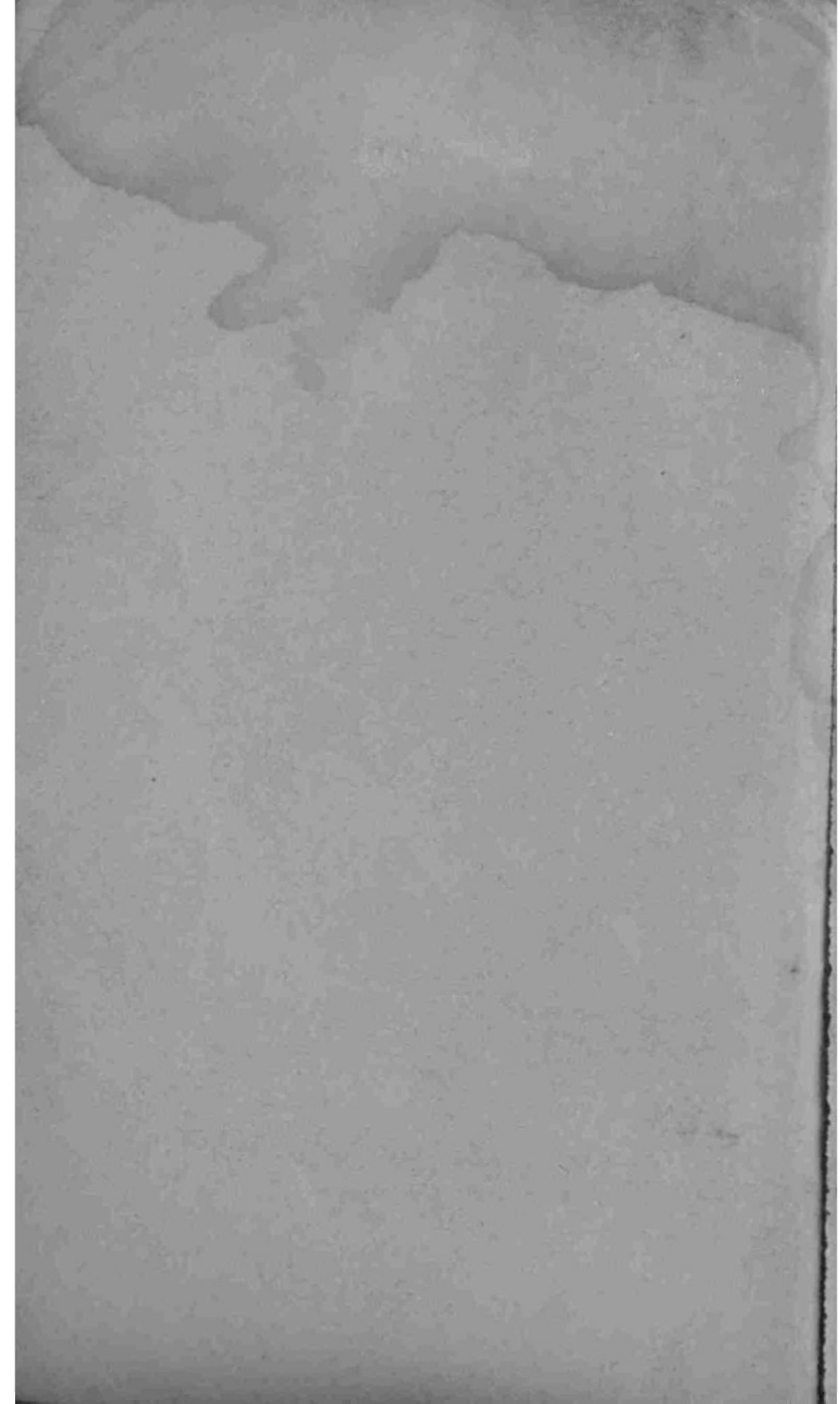
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400
Traveling
Salesmen's
Jokes







There's a parallel between a Martini and a woman's breasts: One is not enough; three are too many.

With a bushel of apples, you can have a hell of a time with the doctor's wife.

The two Madison Avenue types met on the suburban train platform.

"Hi, Charley," greeted the one, "How's your wife?"

"Compared to what?" responded the other dryly.

HOLLYWOOD: The city where they put beautiful frames in pictures.

A Texas oil man went in to see his dentist, and when asked which tooth was bothering him, replied, "Oh, just drill anywhere, doc. I feel lucky today."

Carter had been back from his honeymoon only a week when a friend asked him how he liked married life.

"Why, it's wonderful," was his enthusiastic reply. "It's almost like being in love."

COLLEGE: A fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

Sipping her second Alexander, the green-eyed secretary said to her girlfriend, "You've been dating Harold since you were both kids and the relationship doesn't seem to be going anywhere. Hasn't he any ambitions?"

"Oh, yes," smiled her sexy companion, "ever since he's been knee-high."

After an engagement of several years, George and Gloria were finally married. When they returned from their honeymoon, a bright-eyed friend asked Gloria how she enjoyed being married.

Absent-mindedly, the bride replied, "To tell the truth, I can't see a bit of difference."

While making love to his wife, Carl discovered he couldn't concentrate. Though they were married only a few years, he reflected unhappily, their lovemaking had become infrequent and essentially joyless.

Then, suddenly alarmed, he cried, "What happened? Did I hurt you?"

"No," said his surprised wife. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason, really," he replied with a sigh. "It was just that for one moment there I thought you moved."

The bountifully endowed young doll was in an embarrassing situation, for her arms were filled with packages and she was wearing a dress too tight to allow her to step up into the bus. A crowd pressed from behind, and so she reached back, unobserved she hoped, and attempted to gain some additional freedom by pulling down the zipper at the back of her dress. It didn't seem to help, so she reached again for the zipper and additional freedom, but again it was no use.

Then, from out of the crowd behind her, a young man picked her up and deposited her gently inside the bus.

"What right have you to pick me up like that?" she gasped. "Why I don't even know you."

"Well, miss," the man said, "after you pulled my zipper down the second time, I began to feel as though we were pretty good friends."



OLD MAID: A girl of 24—where she should be about 36.

Sunday was to be the day of Joe's wedding, and he and his father were enjoying a nightcap together. Lifting his glass in a toast to his father, Joe asked: "Any advice before I take the big step, dad?"

"Yes," the father said. "Two things. First: insist on having one night out a week with the boys. Second: don't waste it on the boys."

The girl who stoops to conquer usually wears a low-cut dress.

There was a drunk sitting in a bar, crying like a baby. A guy walked up and asked what was wrong.

"I did a terrible thing tonight," sniffled the drunk. "I sold my wife to a guy for a bottle of Scotch."

"That is terrible," said the other guy. "And now that she's gone you wish you had her back."

"That's right," said the drunk, still sniffling.

"You're sorry you sold her because you realize too late that you love her."

"No, no," said the drunk. "I wish I had her back because I'm thirsty again."

"But, Robert," she gasped, "why did you park here when there are so many ~~men~~ pools further down the road?"

He stopped what he was doing just long enough to mutter, "Because I believe in love at first site."

BACHELOR: A rolling stone who gathers no boss.

With due respect to old Charlie Darwin, although man has learned enough through evolution to walk in an upright posture, his eyes still swing from limb to limb.

NUDISM: Exposure with composure.

A pair of good friends, Frenchmen both, were strolling down the Champs-Elysées one day when they spied two women approaching.

"Sacre bleu, Pierre!" cried one. "Here comes my wife and my mistress walking toward us arm in arm."

"Mon Dieu, Henri!" cried out the second. "I was about to say the very same thing."

picked up by a rich Texan driving a big, expensive convertible. As they drove along the open highway, doing well over fifty, the hitchhiker noticed a pair of very thick glasses on the seat between them.

"Are those glasses yours?" the hitchhiker asked nervously, noticing that the Texan was staring intently at the road before him.

"Yep. Wouldn't go no place without them. Can't hardly see my hand in front of my face when I don't have them on. But don't worry," he said, noticing the hitchhiker's uneasiness, "this here windshield is ground to my prescription."

FOOTBALL GAME: A contest where a spectator takes four quarters to finish a fifth.

A cute young thing was consulting a psychiatrist. Among other questions, the doctor asked, "Are you troubled at all by indecent thoughts?"

"Why, no," she replied with a twinkle in her eye. "To tell you the truth, Doctor, I rather enjoy them."

A beautiful girl was talking to her physician about her problem.

"It's liquor, doctor. Whenever I have a few drinks I have a compulsion to make love to whomever I happen to be with."

"I see," said the doctor. "Well, suppose I just mix us up a couple of cocktails, then you and I sit down nice and relaxed and discuss this compulsive neurosis of yours."

FALSIES: Extra padded attractions.

Many a man has been slapped because his hand was quicker than the eye.

Ye Middle English edition of the Unabashed Dictionary defines chastity belt as an antitrust suit, and the unchivalrous knight as the one who files it.

First prize at a recent costume ball went to a young woman wearing a maternity jacket over her dress, together with the sign: "I SHOULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT."

Homer and his pretty wife were about to check out of the hotel when Homer expostulated over the amount of the bill. The hotel manager told him that was the normal rate for a double room with bath and TV.

Homer said they didn't use the TV.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the manager. "It was there for you to use if you'd wanted it."

"O.K.," said Homer, "but in that case I'm going to charge you for making love to my beautiful wife."

The manager denied it, and Homer said, "That's O.K. She was there for you to use if you wanted to."

The manager was so flustered he reduced Homer's bill and Homer decided to try it again the next time they went on a trip.





"Sir, that's our normal rate," said the young clerk.

"But we didn't use the TV."

"I'm sorry, but it was there for you to use if you wanted to."

"In that case I'll have to charge you for making love to my beautiful wife."

To Homer's chagrin the young man stammered, "O.K., O.K., I'll pay you. But keep your voice down, will you? I'm new at this hotel and you're apt to get me fired."



Beauregard discovered his wife in the arms of her lover. Mad with rage, he shot her dead. The Southern jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Just as Beauregard was about to leave the courtroom a free man, the judge stopped him and asked, "Why did you shoot your wife instead of her lover?"

"Suh," he replied, "I decided it was better to shoot a woman once than a different man each week."

A friend of ours has just told us about a remarkable ploy that's used by an aging and wealthy man-about-town. He dates only the most beautiful girls, and confides to each of them that he suffers from a heart condition (not true). Then, he takes them home to his magnificent estate, where they are properly dazzled by the quantity and quality of his possessions. He hints at the vast extent of his fortune.

Then comes the clincher: he tells each wide-eyed, open-mouthed girl that by the terms of his will all his money and possessions go to whoever is with him at the time of his death.

Then, so he claims, the girl usually does her level best to kill him with kindness.

GIGOLO: A fee-male.

Year in and year out, although other colors may make a momentary bid on the fashion scene, the most popular among women remains long green.

ASSAULT: What every woman likes to be taken with a grain of.

A castaway was washed ashore after many days on the open sea. The island on which he landed was populated by savage cannibals who tied him, dazed and exhausted, to a thick stake. They then proceeded to cut his arms with their spears and drink his blood. This continued for several days until he could no longer stand it.

He called the cannibal king and said, "You can kill me, but this torture with the spears has got to stop. Dammit, I'm tired of being stuck for the drinks."

Latest rags-to-riches story—Texas style—concerns a young man from Dallas who inherited five million dollars, and proceeded to run it into a small fortune.

ECSTASY: Something that happens between the Scotch and soda and the bacon and eggs.

"Daughter," said the suspicious father, "that young man who's been walking you through the park strikes me as being exceedingly unpolished."

"Well," she answered coyly, "he *is* a little rough around the hedges."

What some young ladies refer to as a diary might be more aptly described as a whodunit.

FALSIES: Absentease.

Having received a return from a bachelor executive who claimed a dependent son, an income tax inspector sent the form back with a note saying, "This must be a stenographic error."

Back came the report, with the added notation, "You're telling me."

A number of showgirls were entertaining troops at a remote army camp. They had been at it all afternoon and were tired and very hungry. At the close of their performance, the major asked, "Would you girls like to mess with the enlisted men or the officers this evening?"

"It really doesn't matter," spoke up a shapely blonde. "But we've just got to have something to eat first."

Wilbur had always been a busy, tense man and his doctor informed him he would have to quit working and rest for a year. His wife Mildred lovingly agreed to support them for a year, but she was not a bright girl, and the only profession she was qualified for was the world's oldest. At the end of her first day out, she arrived home a sorry sight, in a state of near-exhaustion.

"How much did you earn, dear?"

"Thirty-six dollars and a quarter."

"That isn't very much for 12 hours' work. Who gave you a quarter?"

"Why, silly," she said. "All of them, of course."

While down south on a visit, the young Yankee made a date with a local lovely. When he called for her, she was clad in a low-cut, tight-fitting gown. He remarked, "That's certainly a beautiful dress."

"Sho 'nough?" she asked sweetly.

"It sure does," he replied.

A new housekeeper accused of helping herself to her master's liquor said, "I'll have you know, sir, that I come from honest English parents."

He said, "I'm not concerned with your English parents. What's worrying me is your Scotch extraction."

Sheila and George were spending the first night of their honeymoon in a quaint medieval town in France. Sheila suggested coyly that they make love every time the old night watchman rang his hourly bell. George smiled in delight at this prospect, but four rings later he pretended he had to go out for cigarettes and staggered off to the watchman's tower.

"Listen, old man," he wheezed, "do me a favor and for the rest of the night ring that bell at two-hour intervals instead of hourly. Here, I'll give you some money."

"I would be happy to oblige," said the watchman, "but I cannot. A beautiful young lady has already bribed me to ring the bell every half hour."



A rape case was being tried in a Hollywood court. The victim, a movie starlet, was on the stand. "Now young lady, please tell the court what happened. First, can you identify the man?"

"That's the one," she said, pointing.

"And please tell the court when this occurred."

"Yes sir. As I remember, it was last June, July, August and September."

When the traveling salesman's car broke down, he stopped at a farmhouse, and was invited to sleep with the farmer's daughter. They went to bed, and he made a pass. She said, "Stop that or I'll call my father." He tried again. She said, "Stop that or I'll call my father." But she moved closer. Finally, he succeeded. Shortly after, she tugged on his pajama sleeve, and said, "Could we do that again?" He obliged. A little later, she woke him up and asked if they could do it again. He obliged. The third time she woke him up and asked if they could do it again, he said, "Stop that or I'll call your father."

The Unabashed Dictionary defines offspring of a prostitute as brothel sprouts.

The Unabashed Dictionary (Las Vegas edition) defines naturalist as a fellow who throws sevens.

"How about joining me for a cozy weekend in a quiet suburban hotel?" he whispered in her ear.

She said, "I'm afraid that my awareness of your proclivities in the esoteric aspects of sexual behavior precludes such an erotic confrontation."

"I don't get it," he said.

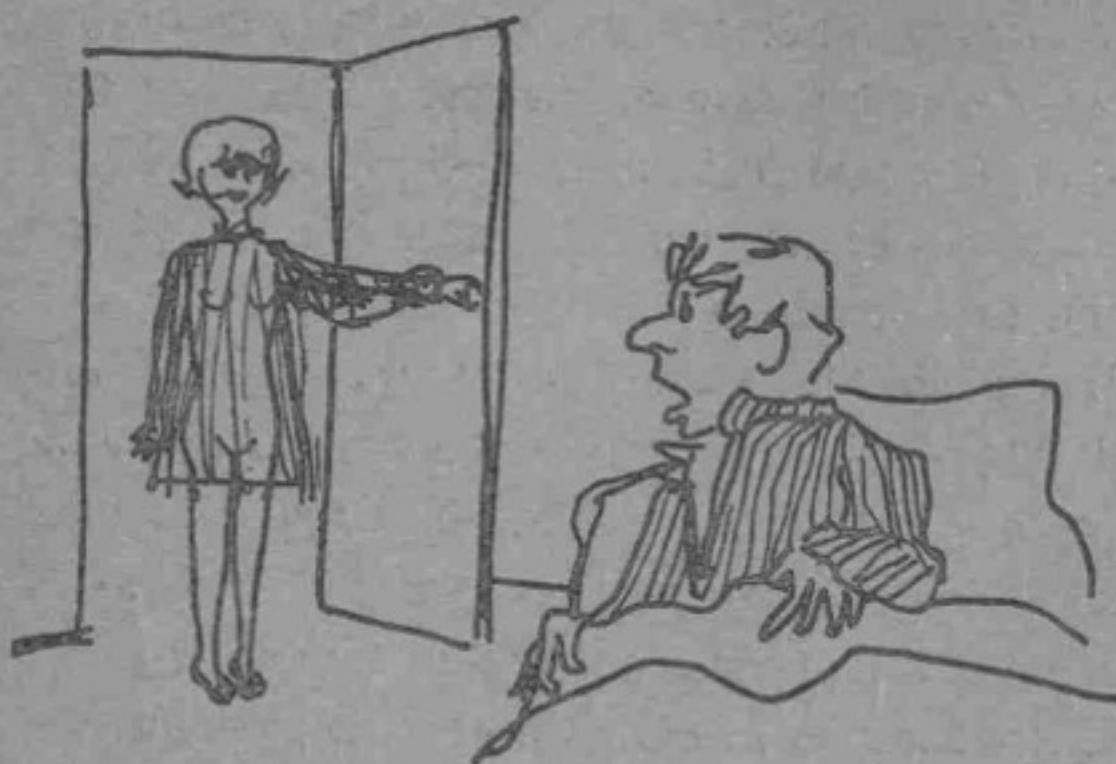
"Exactly," she smiled.

A gourmet friend of ours advises that when preparing a dish for bedtime, champagne makes the best tenderizer.

FALSIE SALESMAN: A Fuller bust man.

"I take the next turn, don't I?" asked the driver of the car.

A muffled reply came from the back seat: "Like hell you do."



Deciding to investigate rumors of immoral amusements among college students, a young professor arranged to have himself invited to a weekend party.

After the party had been going for several hours without a single incident, the much-relieved prof said good night, and went up to bed.

Suddenly, his door opened, and a shapely coed in a flimsy nightgown appeared.

"Did you want me?" he asked in surprise.

"Not especially," she said. "I just drew you."

HARP: A nude Steinway.

The maître d'hôtel at the Ritz was interviewing waiters for a big society banquet. The only applicants he could find were inexperienced or had had experience at hash houses. He could do nothing but hire them.

During the banquet one of the waiters noticed that a young debutante's bosom had fallen out of her gown and was in her soup. Quick as a flash he jumped forward, seized it, dried it with a towel and put it back in her gown.

The maître de seized him and denounced him as a clumsy oaf. He said, "When an incident such as that occurs at the Ritz, one uses a warmed serving spoon."

LESBIAN: A mannish depressive with delusions of gender.

"What are you reading?" asked the prison librarian.

"Nothing much," replied the prisoner. "Just the usual escape literature."

A man is incomplete until he's married. Then he's really finished.

The Italian government is installing a clock in the leaning tower of Pisa. Reason? What good is it if you have the inclination and you don't have the time?

Some of the best bedtime stories can be found in motel registers.

"Say," said the operator in his usual confidential tone, "there's a lot of good stuff at this party. If I find a chick who's ready, would you mind if I used your extra bedroom for a quick tryst?"

"Not at all, but what about your wife?"

"Oh, I'll only be gone for a few minutes. She'll never miss me."

"No, I'm sure she won't miss you," said the host, "but fifteen minutes ago *she* borrowed the extra bedroom."

CENSOR: A person who sticks his No's in other people's business.

A good golfer has to break 80, but a good chorus girl only has to bust 36.

The other evening in a bar, a rather shy friend of ours spotted a remarkably stacked young lady drinking alone a few stools away. He moved over and sat next to her, but he was too embarrassed to talk. So, instead, when he ordered his next drink, he ordered one for her and paid for them both. She nodded her thanks, but still they did not speak.

This went on for four rounds. Finally, emboldened by the liquor, he said, "Do you ever go to bed with men?"

"I never have before," she said, smiling, "but I believe you talked me into it, you clever, silver-tongued devil, you."

George knew just what he wanted in a woman. "The girl I marry," he used to say, "will be an economist in the kitchen, an aristocrat in the living room, and a harlot in bed."

Now he's married, and his wife has all the required traits—but not in the same order. She's an aristocrat in the kitchen, a harlot in the living room, and an economist in bed.

"Do you know what virgins eat for breakfast?" he asked.

"No, what?" she replied coyly.

"Hmmmm," he said, "just as I thought."

Strip poker is the one game in which the more you lose, the more you have to show for it.

The head doctor at the hospital was making his rounds, and he paused before a group of newborn babies. "What's the matter with this little fellow? He seems awfully puny and underweight."

The nurse said, "He's one of those artificial insemination babies, and I'm afraid he's been coming along rather slowly."

"Confirms a pet theory of mine," said the doctor. "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Simple George was no great catch, so when he met a beautiful girl who seemed to be wildly in love with him, he immediately proposed.

"Darling," she said, "don't you realize that I'm a nymphomaniac?"

He said, "I don't care if you steal, as long as you're faithful to me."

One of our favorite drinks is a French eggnog —two egg yolks, two teaspoons of sugar, and four jiggers of cognac in a tall, warm lass.

"Wasn't it lovely out there on the lake?" he asked.

"It's lovely any place," she said.

BACHELOR APARTMENT: A wildlife sanctuary.

Returning from his vacation, Roger asked for two weeks more in which to get married.

"But you just had two weeks off," said the boss. "Why didn't you get married then?"

"What, and ruin my vacation?"

After numerous complaints from the neighbors, Harry sadly agreed to have a veterinarian render his cat fit to guard a sultan's harem.

"I'll bet," said one neighbor, "that that ex-Tom of yours just lies on the hearth now and gets fat."

"No, he still goes out at night. But now he goes along as a consultant."

The blonde appeared at her door in a strapless evening gown that defied gravity.

"Terrific," said her date. "I don't see what holds that dress up."

"Play your cards right and you will," she murmured.

Lily couldn't imagine why she was so popular.

"Is it my lovely hair?" she asked a friend.

"No."

"Is it my cute figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"Then I give up."

"That's it!"

Since the sweet young thing was warned by her mother not to talk to strange men, she only speaks to those who act familiar.

Two models were conversing chickly on a street corner when a third went riding by in a brand-new compact car.

"I understand," said one, "that she did it for a Lark."



To the astonishment of his friends, Martin, a gay blade, announced his intentions to marry. Speculations ran high as to what his conduct would be after the nuptials, but Martin put an end to all doubt when he toasted the bridesmaids at the reception.

"Girls," he said, "I want to wish you all the best of luck, and to extend the hope that each of you will, in the near future, take the place of the bride."

HANGOVER: The wrath of grapes.

If, as the scientists say, sex is such a driving force, why is so much of it nowadays found parked?

The tensions of life were threatening to get a strangle hold on Bill, and after he'd finished a good dinner, he relaxed mindlessly in a soft chair next to the stereo, with a stiff drink in his hand. His wife knew nothing of his nervous state, and she climbed onto his lap with the thought of trying to wheedle a fur coat out of him, and snuggled and murmured and fondled.

"Good heavens, Ethel," he exploded, "get off. I get enough of this at the office."

Rules are the means of a girl's assessing which man she likes well enough to break them for.

The dean of women was introducing a visiting politician to the students.

"I couldn't begin to tell you all of the senator's accomplishments," she said, "but as an indication, you'll be interested to know that he has a nine-inch *Who's Who*."

EXECUTIVE SUITE: A sugar daddy.

Spencer, the well-tailored man-about-town, walking ruefully out of court after getting stung by the decision in a paternity suit, was overheard to remark, "When I make a beaut, it's a mistake."

We've heard of a new low in community standing: a man whose credit rating is so bad his money isn't accepted.

Some girls are music lovers. Others can love without it.

DRIVE-IN MOVIES: Wall-to-wall car-petting.

A man will often take a girl to some retreat in order to make advances.

Sue lay sprawled in sweet exhaustion on the bed, wearing a red ribbon in her bright blonde hair. Beside her, Mark lit two cigarettes and passed one to her. For a long moment smoke and silence filled the air. Then she said, "My mother always told me to be good. Was I?"

LEGAL SECRETARY: Any girl over eighteen.

Many a girl owes the fact that she's a prominent figure to a prominent figure.

The real estate agent couldn't remember when he'd rented an apartment to a more desirable tenant.

"Well," he said, "that's that. I wish you much happiness in your new apartment, and here are the two keys that come with it."

She accepted the keys and favored him with a dazzling smile.

"And here is a month's rent in advance, honey." And she handed him back one of the keys.

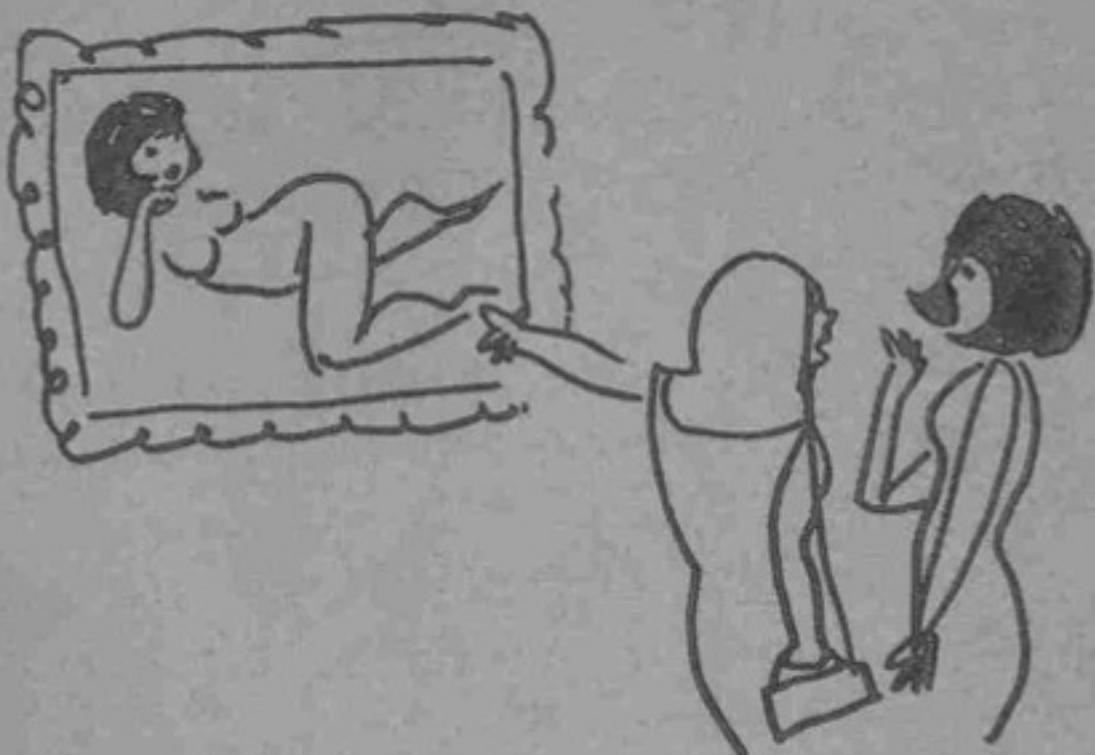
Women are to blame for most of the lying men do. They insist on asking questions.

The party was a smoothly swinging scene, with all the lights turned low, and Clark spied a female form alone in a corner. He crept up behind her and clasped her in a passionate embrace.

"How dare you!"

"Pardon me. I thought you were my sister."

"You chowderhead—I *am* your sister!"



Grace and Martha were from a very prim and proper eastern finishing school, and they were spending their vacations together in New York. They met a bohemian artist and at one of his exhibitions Grace noticed that a canvas of a provocative nude bore a striking resemblance to her girlfriend.

"Martha," she gasped, "that painting looks exactly like you. Don't tell me you've been posing in the nude."

"Certainly not," Martha stammered, blushing furiously. "He must have painted it from memory."

A girl can be poor on history, but great on dates.

Too often, when you tell a secret to a girl, it goes in one ear and in another.

Mike had just moved into a new apartment, and decided to get acquainted with his neighbors across the hall. He knocked on the door and was greeted by a young lady considerably more than passing fair, and considerably less than fully clad. "Hi," he said. "I'm your new sugar across the hall. Can I borrow a cup of neighbor?"

The biggest difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys.

Many girls like the quiet things in life—like the folding of a hundred-dollar bill.

Some women can take a man to the cleaners as soon as they spot him.

PROTEIN: A call girl too young to vote.

Tom went to his friend's house and asked to be put up for the night because he had a fight with his wife.

"What happened?" the friend asked.

"When I got home tonight I was really beat, tired as hell. So when she asked me for fifty dollars for a new dress, I guess I must have been half asleep or something, because I said, 'All right, but let's finish the dictation first.' "

We know a girl who is truly electric. In fact, everything she owns is charged.

The best years of a woman's life are usually counted in man-hours.

LATE DATE IN PARIS: Keeping a girl up until the oui hours of the morning.

Many a girl is looking for an older man with a strong will—made out to her.

The history of women's fashions is a movement from skirts that barely cover the instep to skirts that barely cover the step-ins.

The forgetful professor left his hotel room and discovered he had left his umbrella behind. He went back to get it and found that the room had been rented already. Through the door he heard sounds.

“Whose little baby are you?”

“Your little baby.”

“And whose little hands are these?”

“Your little hands.”

“And whose little feet are these—and whose little knees—and whose little—”

“When you get to an umbrella,” said the professor through the door, “it’s mine.”

It was the young Englishman’s first visit to the States and, in his innocence, he sought lodging in the city’s red light district. When asked how his accommodations were, he replied, “Well, the room was very pretentious, you know, but gad, what maid service!”

Two hipsters were crossing the Atlantic by steamship. They were out on deck, looking at the ocean, and one said, “Man, look at all that water out there!”

“Yeah, man,” the second, farther-out cat replied. “And just think, like that’s only the top of it.”

The board members of the catsup company were wowed by their new billboard. It showed a smart husband type seated before a delectable steak in a smart restaurant. A pretty young waitress was handing him a bottle of catsup. They decided the title, "What Does She Know About Your Husband That You Don't?" was too suggestive, so they changed it to, "He Gets It Downtown, Why Not Give It to Him at Home?"



Three young women were attending a class in logic, and the professor stated he was going to test their ability at situation reasoning.

"Let us assume," he said, "that you are aboard a small craft alone in the Pacific, and you spot a vessel approaching you with several thousand sex-starved sailors on board. What you do in this situation to avoid any problem?"

"I would attempt to turn my craft in the opposite direction," said the redhead.

"I would pass them, trusting my knife to keep me safe," said the brunette.

"Frankly," murmured the blonde, "I understand the situation but I fail to see the problem."



We know a college professor who claims that you'll always have a student body where you find a faculty for making love.

One prostitute said to another, "Would you please lend me ten dollars until I get back on my back?"

REPEAL: A stripteaser's encore.

Some girls ask the boss for advances on next week's salary. Others ask for salary on next week's advances.

There's a new organization called "Athletics Anonymous." When you get the urge to play golf, baseball, or anything else involving physical activity, they send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.

WINDOW DRESSER: A girl who doesn't pull down the shades.

A friend of ours who is a nut on classic automobiles bought a car that runs entirely on electricity. He paid \$10,000 for it—\$5,000 for the car and \$5,000 for the extension cord.

Bobby's mother had been away for a few weeks and was questioning her small son about events during her absence.

"Well, one night we had a thunderstorm, and I was scared, so daddy and me slept together."

"Bobby," said the boy's pretty young French nursemaid, "you mean 'daddy and I.' "

"No," said Bobby. "That was last Thursday. I'm talking about Monday night."

Some girls get a lot out of a dress, and leave it out.

The guy who first said "you can't take it with you" had probably never met an old maid.

STALEMATE: Last season's girlfriend.

Carol was furious when she came home and found her husband in bed with a lady midget.

"You promised you'd never cheat on me again."

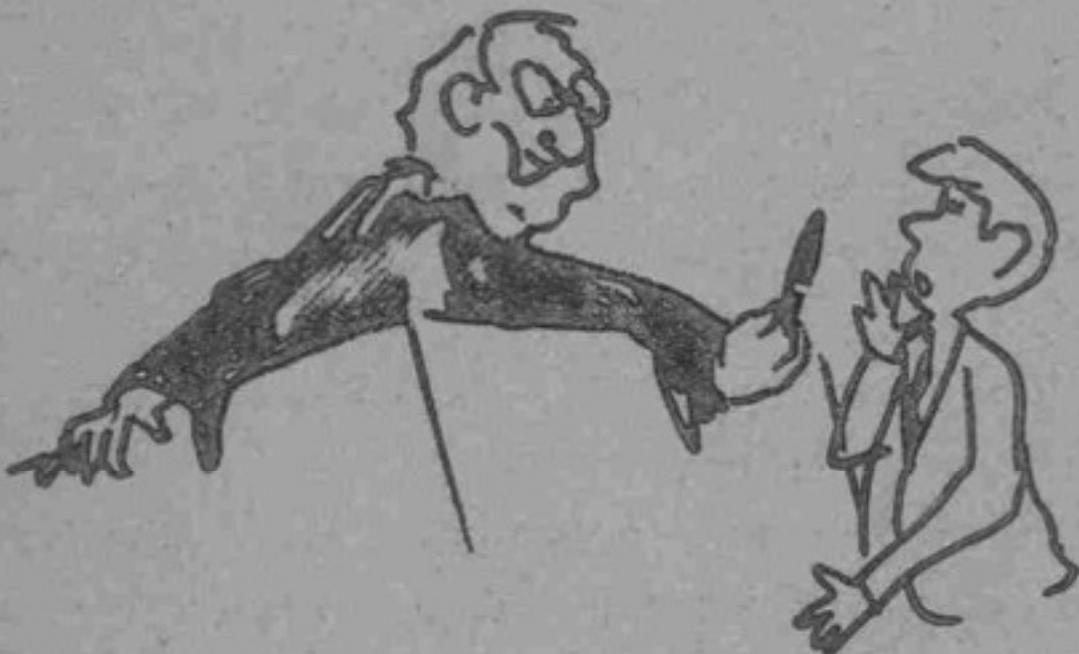
"Well, as you can see, I'm tapering off."

Some girls think it's fun to fight against being kissed, while others prefer to just take it lying down.

Two friends were confiding to each other about their sex lives.

"You know," said one, "I never had any relations with my wife at all before we were married. Did you?"

"I don't know. What was her maiden name?"



The courtroom was pregnant with anxious silence as the judge solemnly considered his verdict in the paternity suit before him. Suddenly, he reached into the folds of his robes, drew out a cigar, and ceremoniously handed it to the defendant.

"Congratulations. You have just become a father."

Give some girls an inch and they've got a new bathing suit.

The man who can read women like a book usually likes to read in bed.

Flustered and flushed, Carol sat in the witness chair. The beautiful but empty-headed blonde had gotten herself named as corespondent in a divorce case.

"So, Miss Jones, you admit that you went to a hotel with this man."

"Yes, but I couldn't help it—he deceived me. He told the clerk at the reception desk that I was his wife."

Whoever it was who first called women the fair sex didn't know much about justice.

MAIDEN AUNT: A girl who never had sense enough to say uncle.

PROPOSAL: A proposition that lost its nerve.

SHOTGUN WEDDING: A case of wife or death.

VICIOUS CIRCLE: A wedding ring.

The popular girl is the one who has been weighed in the balance and found wanton.

Charlie was taking his out-of-town pal for a stroll through the city. The friend observed a good-looking girl and asked Charlie if he knew her.

"Yes, that's Betty. Twenty dollars."

"How about that one?"

"That's Dolores. Forty dollars."

"Here comes one that's really first class. Do you know her?"

"That's Gloria. Eighty dollars."

"My God, aren't there any nice, respectable girls in this town?"

"Of course, but you couldn't afford their rates."

RACEHORSE: An animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.



Lester was continuously nervous and tense, so he went to his doctor. He was greeted by the lovely red-headed nurse, and he told her his problem. She said, "That's easy to fix." And she took him into a little room, relieved his tension, and said, "that will be ten dollars, please."

A few weeks later he was nervous and tense again, went back to the doctor, and the doctor examined him and gave him a prescription for tranquilizers, and said, "That will be five dollars."

"If it's all the same to you, doc, I'd just as soon have the ten-dollar treatment."



HAPPY MARRIED COUPLE: A husband out with another man's wife.

Marriage starts with billing and cooing, but only the billing lasts.

A heartening note in women's fashions, of late, is that they're running truer to form.

There are more important things than money, but they won't date you if you don't have any.

It's easy to lie with a straight face, but it's nicer to lie with a curved body.

Margie was a newlywed, and, after discussing the family budget with her husband, she decided she should get a temporary job. She went to the library and asked the old-maid librarian, "Could you please give me the name of a good book on positions?"

"What kind of positions did you have in mind?" asked the old librarian with a starched smile.

"Oh, you know," explained the bright-eyed young girl. "The different kinds of positions a bride might take."

FALSIES: Hidden persuaders.

An unemployed actor came home dejectedly after a day of fruitless job-hunting and found his wife lying on the bed with her clothes torn off, hysterical.

"Good Lord! Who did this to you?"

"Oh darling, I tried to fight him off. He came here looking for you and found me alone and defenseless."

"Who? Who did this awful thing?"

"Your agent."

"My agent," he said, his face brightening.
"Did he say whether he'd found a part for me?"

A sweater girl is one who knows that it's possible for a man to concentrate on two things at once.

MAD MONEY: A psychiatrist's fee.

The surest sign that a man is in love is when he divorces his wife.

When the struggling stenographer quits struggling, she often discovers she doesn't have to be a stenographer.

Max the plumber was summoned to a mansion to fix a leak, and tried to combine business with pleasure with the pretty maid. She refused on the grounds that her mistress was home and she didn't want to get fired. Next morning, she called him to say her mistress was out, and would he like to come over and see her.

"What!" yelled Max. "On my own time?"

Girls believe in love at first sight. Men believe in it at first opportunity.

In Rio on a business trip, Al was delighted when a lovely young girl sat down at his table in a restaurant.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

"Si, bot jus' a leetle beet."

"Just a little bit, eh? How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars," was the prompt reply.

MISTRESS: A cutie on the Q.T.

If a girl expects to win a man, she has to exhibit a generous nature—or else how generous nature has been to her.

No matter how bad the movie at the drive-in theater is, the patrons manage to love every minute of it.

Many a modern miss is known by the company that keeps her.

Census-takers have found that one-tenth of all married couples aren't.

Nothing is more wasted than a smile on the face of a girl with a forty-inch bust.

Some girls make friends quickly. With strangers it takes a little longer.

Joe was out all night with a dazzling blonde. He came home at dawn and tried to appear quietly sober as his wife eyed him with suspicion.

"Joe, where's your underwear?" she said as he was undressing.

"My God," he cried with aggrieved dignity, "I've been robbed."

George and Charlie were in a steam bath, trying to get rid of last night's excess.

"How was your date last night?"

"Awful. Beautiful, but awful. The minute we got back to her apartment the phone started ringing, and we didn't have a moment's peace. Everybody in town was trying to get a date with her."

"Come on now. You expect a beautiful young girl to have her phone number listed in the phone book, don't you?"

"Yeah, but not in the Yellow Pages."



Card-playing can be expensive—but so can any game where you begin by holding hands.

Shapely limbs help many a girl to branch out.

The advance proofs of a cookbook for hipsters recently came our way. Wildest recipe is for a salad. You cut up lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and green peppers. Then you add a dash of marijuana, and the salad tosses itself.

Muster some sympathy for the dilemma of the out-of-work stripteaser—all undressed and no place to show.

Give a man enough rope and he'll claim he's all tied up at the office.

An engaging, but somewhat vacant, young lady we met recently thought *vice versa* meant dirty poems.

When a boy is young, he thinks girls are made with sugar and spice, and everything nice. When he gets older, he discovers that it only takes sugar.

One of the oldest, yet most perfect, examples of a redundant expression is the phrase "foolish virgins."

A really promiscuous girl is one you can have a good time with even if you play your cards wrong.

The three hundred passengers on the first fully automatic rocket plane flight from New York to Paris were aboard and belted in, and the great machine had whooshed aloft and into flight, when a voice came over the loudspeaker in measured tones of infinite assurance:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is no crew on this aircraft, but there is nothing to worry about. Automation will fly you to Paris in perfect safety at a speed of twenty-five-hundred miles per hour. Everything has been tested and retested so exhaustively for your safety that there is not the slightest chance anything can go wrong . . . GO WRONG...GO WRONG...GO WRONG...."

Bow Wow: A TV performer's low-cut dress.

A career girl's mind moves her ahead, while a chorus girl's mind moves her behind.



Chivalry has changed from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, but, contrary to rumor, it hasn't died out altogether. A man will still lay his coat at the feet of a pretty girl; the difference is that now it's intended to keep her back from getting dirty.



Some men don't give women a second thought.
The first one covers everything.

The best kind of girl is one who says stop
only when she sends a telegram.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP: What develops when
two people grow tired of making love to each
other.

Barry had just opened his law office, and im-
mediately hired three good-looking young stenog-
raphers to work for him.

"But how," a visiting friend inquired, eying
the three, "do you expect to accomplish any-
thing?"

"Simple. By giving two of them the day off."

"Come on baby, let's live for tonight," he said,
making a play.

"Yes, but suppose we survive?"

BACHELOR: One who's footloose and fiancée
free.

O'Farrell
GOLD DIGGER: A girl who's got what it takes
to take what you've got.

LOVER'S LEAP: The distance between twin
beds.

MADAM: Someone for whom the belles toil.

SEX: The most fun you can have without
laughing.

UNDERCOVER AGENT: A girl spy.

WINTER: The season of the year when gentle-
men befor blondes.

ZOMBIE: Something some men drink and other
men marry.

Just heard about the girl who was picked up
so often she began to grow handles.

We know a girl who was chased out of a nudist
colony because she had something on her mind.

A girl who says she'll go through anything for
a man usually has his bank account in mind.

Martin was known among his friends for the punctuality with which he sent his wife her alimony payment each month. When asked the reason for his haste, he shivered and explained: "I'm afraid that if I ever should fall behind in my payments, she might decide to re-possess me."

"You can never tell about men," the sophisticated miss advised her younger sister. "Either they're so slow you want to scream, or so fast you have to."

An empty-headed, lovely young girl stood at the bank teller's window. He looked at her and the check she wished to cash, then asked her if she could identify herself.

She pulled a small mirror from her handbag, glanced in it, and with relief said, "Yes, it's me all right."

It's usually a girl's geography that determines her history.

We know an amorous millionaire who's terribly indiscreet, yet so wealthy that he doesn't give a damn. He begins each letter to his sweethearts, "My darling, and gentlemen of the jury . . ."



Sam, a brilliant young inventor, had his living quarters and laboratory combined. A visitor was there, and Sam drew back the velvet curtains enclosing a cozy alcove. There, stretched out on the divan, was a beautiful nude blonde holding a glass, empty except for two ice cubes.

"This is my latest and greatest invention," Sam said. "I call it instant sex. You just add Scotch."

NUDIST: People who go in for altogetherness.

So seldom is she in her cups, Margie's forgotten what size she takes.

The inroads of television have trebled unemployment among film actors. Take the movie producer who came home unexpectedly one night and found his wife in the arms of one-time B-movie hero Chester Beefcake.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"To tell you the truth, not much of anything else these days."

Marriage is a good deal like taking a bath—not so hot once you get accustomed to it.

Men who are getting on in years should console themselves with the thought that when they get too old to set bad examples, they can always start giving advice.

Gaston was explaining the plot of *Lolita* to Pierre. "It's an amazing book. It tells of a love affair between a middle-aged man and a twelve-year-old."

"Ah, a twelve-year-old *what?*"



It was the first day for the new salesgirl at the maternity shop. It had been a hectic day; the store had been crowded from the moment the doors opened, and the girl had sped from one customer to another without stopping. Just as she anticipated a breathing spell, the doors opened and a fresh flood of expectant mothers poured in.

"Ye Gods," she cried, "doesn't anyone do it for fun any more?"

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN: One who has curves in places where some girls don't even have places.

A man said to his psychiatrist, "Doctor, you've got to help me. I'm sure I'm losing my mind. I can't remember anything, not what happened a year ago, or even what happened yesterday. I must be going crazy."

"How long have you had this problem?"

The man looked puzzled. "What problem?"

Many a man who thinks he's going on a maiden voyage with a girl finds out later from her lawyer that it was a shake-down cruise.

Shed a tear for the beatnik who committed suicide leaving a note saying, "Good-bye, cool world."

BACHELOR: A man who can take women or leave them, and prefers to do both.

When a girl is invited to a man's apartment to see his etchings, it's usually not a standing invitation.

Absent-minded is hardly the word for the pretty secretary who left her clothes at the office and took her boss to the cleaner.

Two advertising execs drinking their lunch and talking:

"Where has Charlie Harris been hanging out?"

"Haven't you heard? Charlie went to the great agency in the sky."

"Good Lord, you're kidding! What did he have?"

"Nothing much. A small toothpaste account and a couple of department stores, but nothing worth going after."

When a smart girl travels by train she gives the boys in the club car a wide berth.

A used-car dealer tells us that the usual standard sales pitch for a car that was owned by the little old lady who only used it on Sunday has been replaced by a nymphomaniac who only used the back seat.

The trouble with being kept is that the rent is always due.

Two mothers talking:

"It's really none of my business, but have you noticed what your daughter is up to?"

"Why no. What is it?"

"She's knitting tiny garments."

"Well, thank goodness. I'm glad to see she's taken an interest in something besides running around with boys."

OLD AGE: A time when a man sees a pretty girl and it arouses his memory instead of his hopes.

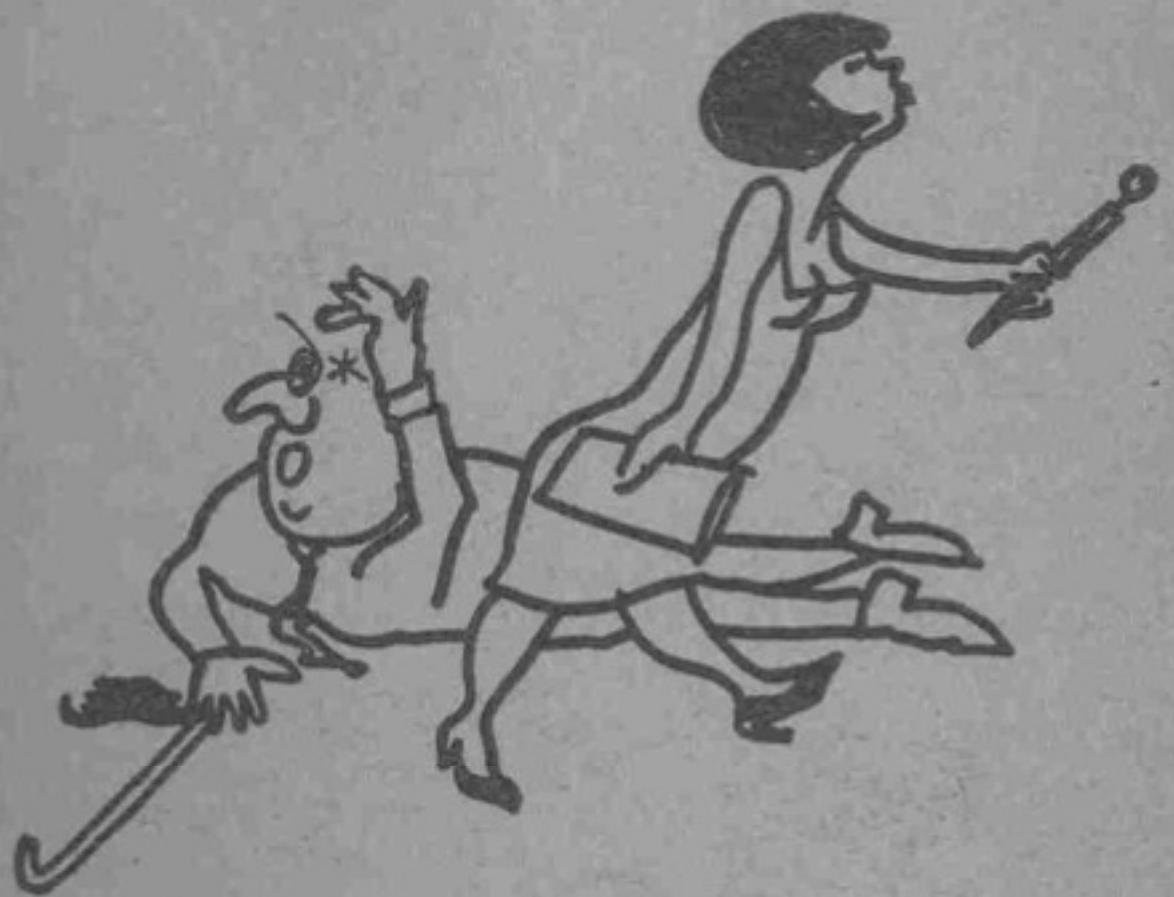
When the sweet young girl thing found out that the handsome young millionaire was fond of hunting, she told him she was game.

ANATOMY: Something that everybody has, but it looks better on a girl.

BORE: A guy with a cocktail glass in one hand and your lapel in the other.

COOPERATION: An exchange between a woman and a man in which she coos and he operates.





A girl who finds it possible to resist every attempt to seduce her should be going out with stronger men.

GOOD CLEAN FUN: A couple taking a bath together.

HUSBAND: A poor unfortunate who began by handing out a line and ended by walking it.

KISS: Application for a better position.

A Word to the Weight-Conscious: If you want to get a youthful figure, ask a woman her age.

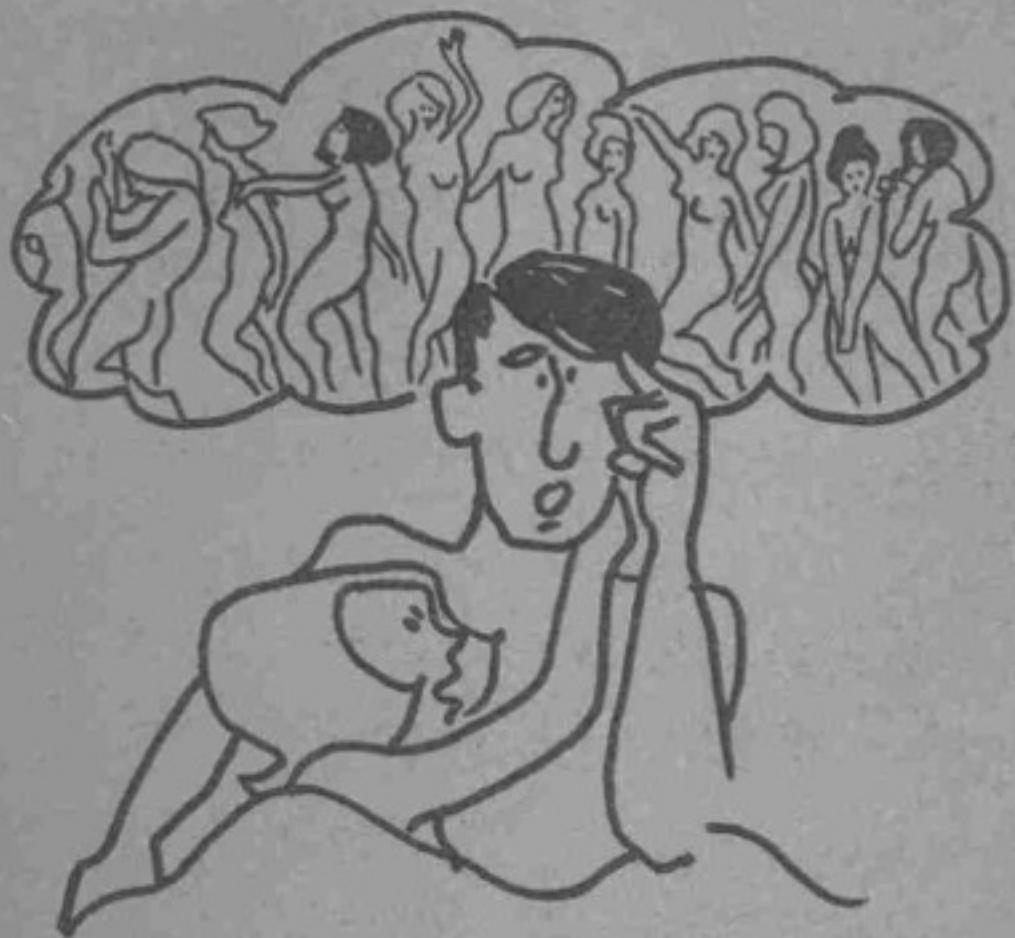
A pretty young girl stretched out on the psychiatrist's couch.

"I just can't help myself, doctor. No matter how hard I try to resist, I bring five or six men with me into my bedroom every night. Last night there were ten. I just feel so miserable, I don't know what to do."

In understanding tones, the doctor rumbled, "Yes, I know, I know my dear."

"Oh," the surprised girl exclaimed, "were you there last night too?"

We know a man who thinks marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition, which convinces us that he doesn't understand women or percentages.



They moved apart as Frank lit their cigarettes. Then she snuggled close to him again and pulled the bedsheets up around their chins.

"Darling," she cooed, "how many others were there before me?"

After a few minutes of silence, she said, with a slight pout, "Well, I'm still waiting."

"Well," he replied, puffing thoughtfully, "I'm still counting."

The nightclub's hatcheck girl was obviously new, and Jack watched in amusement while she fumbled to find his coat and knocked garments off the racks and entangled herself in the hangers. His amusement changed to fury, however, when a quarter of an hour later she had still not found his coat.

"Forget it," he finally cried in rage, "I'll send someone for it tomorrow." Seething, he walked out into the cold.

"Hey, you cheapskate," she called, "what about my tip?"

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

Everybody thought the Miss Albuquerque Beauty Contest was going to be a hotly contested affair, but Susan walked away with first place with nary a dissenting vote. She was the only one of the contestants who could get all those letters across her chest.

This year's college graduates deserve your sympathy. Almost anywhere they look for work, they run a terrible risk of finding it.

SALESMANSHIP: The difference between rape and rapture.

It's no fun to kiss a girl over the phone unless you happen to be in the same room with her.

Florence and Emily, two pretty young housewives, arranged to have cocktails and lunch together. When they met, Emily could see that something serious was bothering her friend.

"Come on, out with it. What's depressing you?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it, but I caught my husband making love."

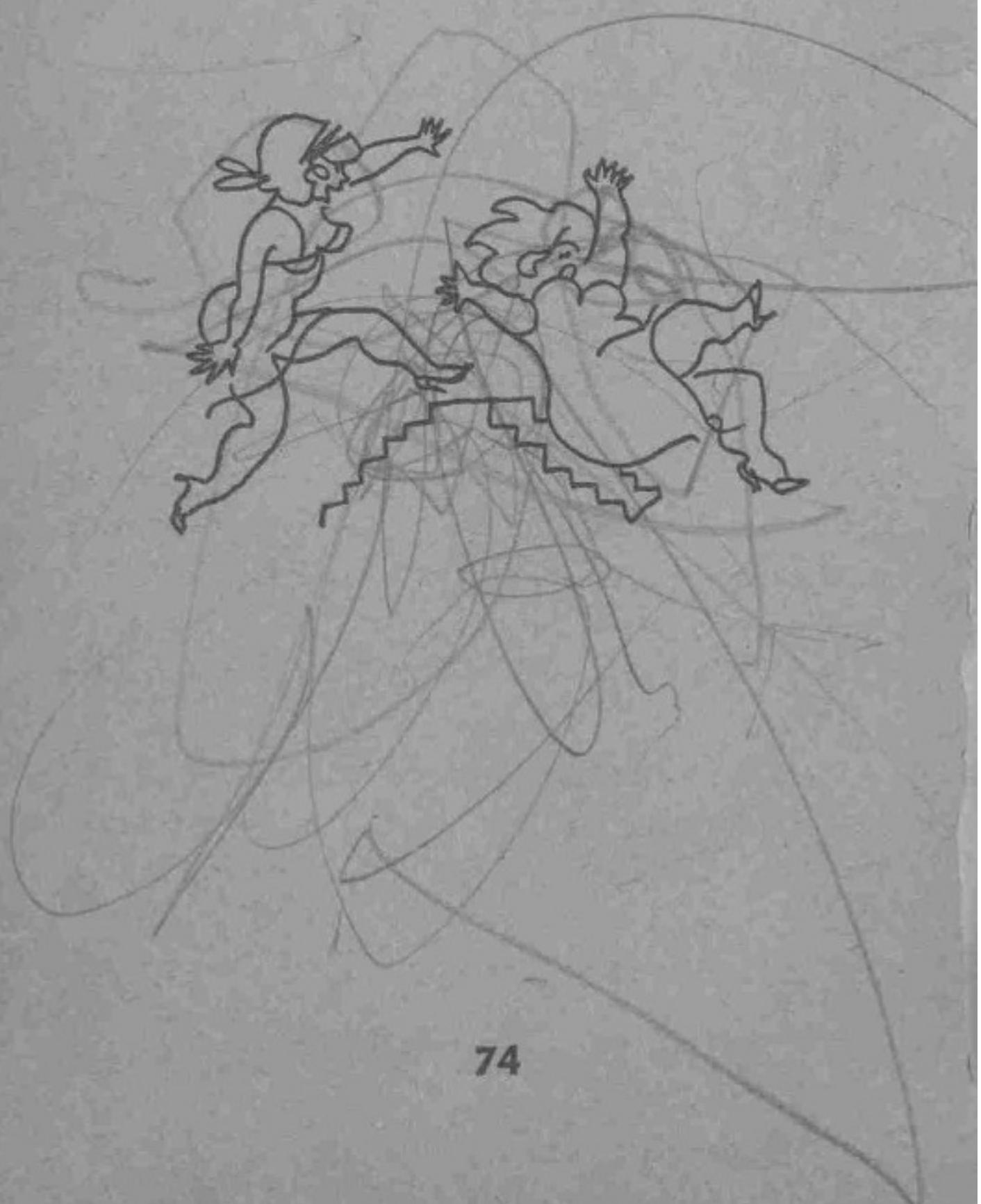
"Why let that bother you? I got mine the same way."

The reason today's girls will do things their mothers wouldn't think of doing is that their mothers didn't think of doing them.

It's easy to admire a good loser at a strip poker party.

NEUROTIC: A person who worries about things that didn't happen in the past, instead of worrying about something that won't happen in the future, like normal people.

Many an actress' career begins when she becomes too big for her sweaters and ends when she becomes too big for her britches.



A girl should use what Mother Nature gave her before Father Time takes it away.

Latest word from Hollywood concerns a young producer moving into lavish new offices who had his interior decorator on the carpet because she'd forgotten to include a studio couch.

The gods gave man fire, and he invented fire engines. They gave him love, and he invented marriage.

Charlie entered the airline ticket office, and the girl behind the counter was as magnificently endowed with feminine equipment as any girl he could ever remember seeing. She was wearing a low-cut dress and bending low over notations she was making. He stared at her.

She looked up, and said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

Charlie heard his own breath hissing in his ears like steam, but tried to master the situation. He did, after all, need two tickets to Pittsburgh. He finally spoke.

"Uh, give me two pickets to . . ."

You never know how a girl will turn out until her folks turn in.

Pitiable is the word for Milton the manufacturer. He accumulated millions, making men's suits, and lost it all, making one skirt.

As soon as most women have a drink or two, they start looking for a chaser.

TAXPAYERS: People who don't have to pass civil service examinations in order to work for the government.

To most modern writers, sex is a novel idea.

Mark fixed himself a martini, while waiting for Peggy to get ready for their date. She came out of the shower, wrapped in a bath towel, and said, "I'm sorry I'm late, but I was shopping and lost track of the time. Would you like to see me in my new dress?"

He smiled, "I would like *nothing* better."

We find ourselves in complete accord with the etiquette expert who says that only well-reared girls should wear slacks.

Some women, like prizefighters, won't go into action until they see a ring.

When a girl says she's got a boyish figure, it's usually straight from the shoulder.

A friend of ours has come up with the David and Goliath Cocktail. A small one, and you're stoned.

A man approached a beautiful young girl in a bar, and said, "You know, I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Let me take you some place where the atmosphere is quiet and more refined, like my apartment."

NEUROTIC: A woman who likes a psychiatrist's couch better than a double bed.

Men with money to burn have started many a girl playing with fire.

Advice to the Exhausted: When wine, women and song become too much for you, give up singing.

If all the world loves a lover, why do they have hotel detectives?

Pierre, the passionate masseur, was recently fired when he rubbed a lady customer the wrong way.

Sometimes a girl can attract a man by her mind, but more often she can attract him by what she doesn't mind.

When Harry returned, looking tanned and rested, his secretary asked him about his vacation.

"Well," he replied, "a friend of mine invited me up to his hunting lodge, a quiet, secluded place. No night life, no parties, not a woman within a hundred miles."

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Who went?" he said.

There's a secret method for returning from Las Vegas with a small fortune. Go with a large fortune.

"Georgie, will you love me always?"

"Certainly, darling. Which way would you like me to try first?"

INTELLECTUAL GIRL: One who can think up excuses that her boyfriend's wife will believe.

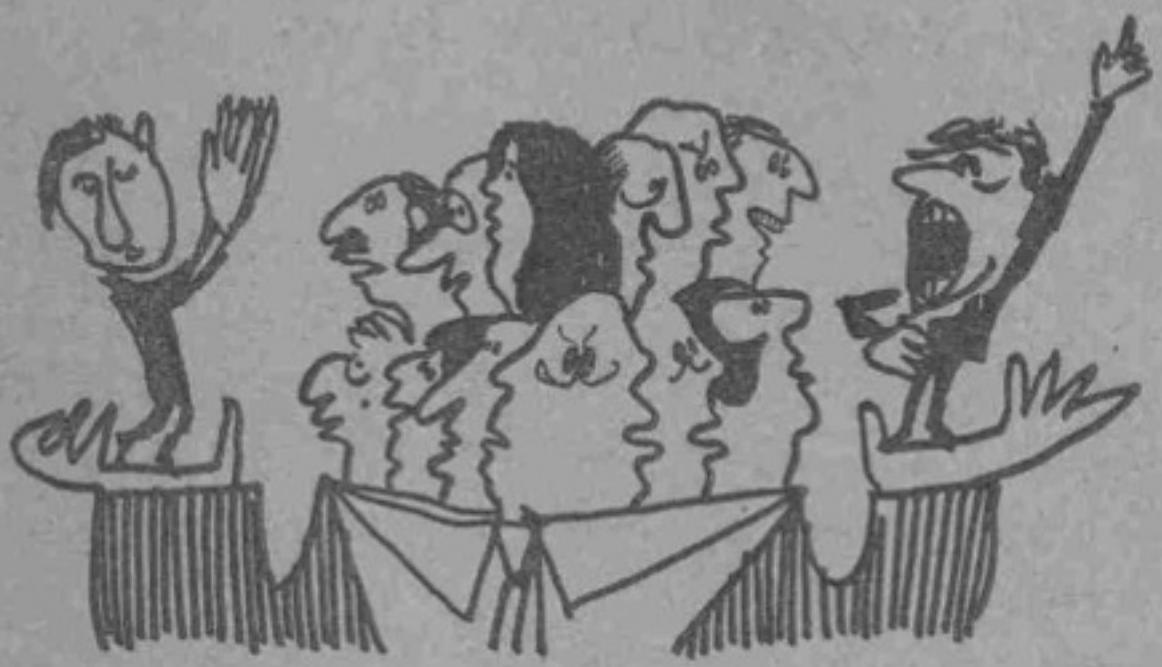
An executive friend of ours is so dedicated to his work that he keeps his secretary near his bed in case he gets an idea during the night.

A model we know says she's looking for a man who can fill a void in her life—an empty clothes closet.

A man of sixty-four who had just married a girl less than half his age went to his doctor for a check-up.

"Well, doc, do you think I'm overweight?" he asked after the examination.

"No, just over-matched."



JURY: A group of twelve people selected to decide who has the better lawyer.

One thing that can be said in favor of going steady is that it gets the youngsters home and in bed at an early hour.

Girl's dresses have gotten so short we wonder what the designers will be up to next.

He'd shown her his etchings and poured her another martini.

"Tell me," he said, "do you object to making love?"

"That's something I've never done," she said.

"Never made love?"

"No, silly. Never objected."

APPETIZERS: Little things you eat until you lose your appetite.

It's hard to keep a good girl down, but lots of fun trying.

The newspaper account of George's tragic death read: "His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was a bachelor."

The lingerie manufacturer was trying to talk the TV M.C. into plugging his product.

"Listen, how would you like to plug my product on your show?"

"That all depends on what's in it for me."

"I'll send you one of our finest and flimsiest negligees. How's that?"

"That all depends on what's in it for me."



"You know, you're the first man I've met whose kisses make me sit up and open my eyes."

"Really?"

"Yes, usually they have the opposite effect."

Two heads are better than one, especially if they happen to be on the same coin.

A good resolution is like many a pretty modern girl. Easy to make but hard to keep.

RACE TRACK: A place where windows clean people.

The censors of the cinema have never given proper credit to a group probably more responsible than any other for keeping sex out of the movies: ushers.

Two expectant fathers paced the floor in the waiting room of the hospital.

"What tough luck," said one. "This had to happen during my vacation."

"You think you've got troubles," said the other. "I'm on my honeymoon."

Latest invention we heard about is a toothpaste with built-in food particles for people who can't eat between every brushing.

NUDISM: A different way of looking at things.

The boss listened to the young man ask for a raise, then said, "Sylvester, I know you can't get married on the salary I'm paying you—and some day you'll thank me for it."

Some girls are discreet up to a point, and some are discreet up to a pint.

Harry took a beautiful but very brainless girl up to his apartment. She looked with perplexed eyes at his books and paintings, then, pointing to a carved wooden object on the mantle, asked, "What in the world is that thing?"

"Oh, that's African. It was used in fertility rites. Actually, it's a phallic symbol."

"Well," she said, "I'd hate to tell you what it looks like."

Women are the kind of problem most men like to wrestle with.



A husband came home, and found his wife in bed with his best friend.

"See here! What do you think you're doing?"

"See?" she said to the man beside her. "I told you he was stupid."

The reason no one ever gives the groom a shower is that everyone figures him to be washed up anyway.

CAD: A man who refuses to help his date with the breakfast dishes.

If the birth rate keeps increasing, there will be standing room only on the earth, in which case the birth rate should stop increasing pretty quickly.

A girl with an hourglass figure can often make grown men feel like playing in the sand.

We've come across a refreshingly unique proposal of marriage: "Honey, how would you like to do this *every night*?"

The dictionary defines both bigamy and marriage as having one wife too many.

HULA DANCE: A shake in the grass.

INDIVIDUALIST: A man who lives in the city and commutes to the suburbs.

ORGY: Group therapy.

WELL-PROPORTIONED GIRL: One with a narrow waist and a broad mind.

Sign at the entrance of a nudists' colony:
"PLEASE BARE WITH US."

Girls who don't repulse men's advances advance men's pulses.

The difference between a wife and a mistress is night and day.

Whether or not a girl in a rented bathing suit attracts a lot of attention depends on where the rent is.

Marriage is like a long banquet with the dessert served first.

After a pleasant picnic in the woods, Mark described his girlfriend as the down-to-earth type.

The young bride was having her new house decorated, and she noticed where her husband had left a hand print on a freshly painted wall. She slipped into a flimsy negligee, and called the painter who was working downstairs.

"Pardon me, but would you like to see where my husband put his hand last night?"

"I'd love to, lady, but I've got to get done with this painting first."



While they were crushed together in a passionate embrace, he decided to tell her.

"Honey," he said, "I want you to know that I think you're a wonderful person, but as far as I'm concerned, wedlock is out of the question."

In reply, she moved closer and uttered a small sigh of pleasure.

"I mean," he continued, "you're more like a sister to me."

"My God," she murmured, "what a home life you must have."

The lady's French maid was leaving to get married. She said, "Juliette, I am overjoyed for you. You will have it much easier now that you're getting married."

"Yes, madam, and more frequently as well."

Hollywood marriages are evidently losing their reputation for brevity. We've heard about a producer who liked one of his wives so well he decided to hold her over for a second week.

To most couples, curbing their emotions means parking.

EXPERIENCE: The wonderful knowledge that enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

A wife made to order can't compare with a ready maid.

Anxious to be on time for his date, Carl stopped at the drugstore for a hasty purchase. The druggist gave him a knowing smile, and he told the druggist about a lovely chick he met at a party. He was going to spend the evening with her, and her parents would be out at the opera.

When he got to her house, she and her mother were waiting for her father to return from work.

When her father walked in, she introduced both parents to Carl, and Carl said, "Say, why don't Nancy and I join you this evening?"

"You children don't want to spend your evening with us old folks," said Nancy's mother.

"Sure we do," said Carl.

"I didn't know you liked opera," the bewildered Nancy said to her date, as he was helping her on with her coat.

"No, and I didn't know your father was a druggist, either," he said.

Whether or not a girl can be had for a song depends on the man's pitch.

MANIC-DEPRESSIVE: A person whose philosophy is: easy glum, easy glow.

The reason the modern girl's bathing suit is real cool is that most of it is real gone.

A millionaire we know has filled his swimming pool with martinis. He claims it's impossible to drown, since the deeper you sink, the higher you get.

Girls who think they will hate themselves in the morning should learn to sleep till noon.

One of the recent cases investigated by the Director of Internal Revenue was that of a young girl who listed her apartment rent as "expenses incurred while entertaining clients."

"Hey, Sally, how come you're not wearing my fraternity pin?"

"It was such a nuisance. All the fellows were complaining that it scratched their hands."

Business was brisk for the pretty little call girl at the bar.

"Bill, you can come over about seven-ish, and you, George, around eight-ish, and Frank, I'll have time for you about nine-ish."

She looked around the crowded bar.

"Ten-ish, anyone?"

"Oh, you'll like it here," said the experienced steno to the new girl. "Lots of chances for advances."

"It was terrible, Mother, I had to change my seat four times at the movie."

"You mean some man started bothering you?"

"Yes—finally."

At the inquest, the widow was asked if she could remember her late husband's last words.

"Yes. He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth.' "

We know a girl who started out with a little slip and ended up with a whole new wardrobe.

George was describing his new secretary enthusiastically to his family.

"She's efficient, personable, clever, punctual, and darned attractive. In short, she's a real doll."

At which point their five-year-old daughter, who knew about dolls, looked up and said, "And does she close her eyes when you lay her down, daddy?"



The traveling salesman asked the farmer to put him up for the night. The farmer said, "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."

"Good Lord," said the salesman. "I'm in the wrong joke."

The six fraternity men came weaving out of the off-campus gin mill. The president said to one of the fellows, "Herbie, you drive. You're too drunk to sing."

HIGH FIDELITY: A drunk who goes home regularly to his wife.

The ideal wife would be a beautiful, sex-starved deaf mute who owns a liquor store.

"Oh, doctor, do you mean I'm cured of my kleptomania? I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"My fee is the only payment I expect. However, if you should happen to have a relapse, you might pick me up a small transistor radio."

We asked a zoologist how porcupines have sex.
"Carefully, very carefully."



The meek little bank clerk had his suspicions. One day he left work early, and sure enough, when he arrived home, he found a strange hat and umbrella in the hallway and his wife on the couch in the arms of another man.

Wild for revenge, the husband picked up the man's umbrella and snapped it in two across his knee.

"There. Now I hope it rains."



There was an area of disagreement between the young bachelor and the sexy widow. He had sired the latest addition to her brood, and they went to court. The judge asked him, "Did you sleep with this woman?"

"No, your honor. Not a wink."

Trouble with being the best man at the wedding is that you don't get a chance to prove it.

The analyst was concerned about the results of a Rorschach test he had just given for the patient who associated every ink blot with some sort of sexual activity.

"I want to study the results of your test over the week-end, and I'd like to see you Monday," he said to the patient.

"Okay, doc. I'm going to a stag party tomorrow night. Any chance I might borrow those dirty pictures of yours?"

The Internal Revenue Department has streamlined its tax form for this year. It goes like this: (A) How much did you make last year? (B) How much have you left? (C) Send B.

A newspaperman was interviewing the sixty-five-year-old rodeo champion.

"You're really an extraordinary man to be a rodeo champ at sixty-five."

"Heck, I'm not nearly the man my pa is. He was just signed to play guard for a pro football team, and he's eighty-eight. He's in Fort Worth now, standing up to my grandpa's wedding. My grandpa's 114."

"Amazing," said the newspaperman. "You're a rodeo champ at sixty-five, your father's a football player at eighty-eight, and now your grandfather wants to get married at 114."

"Hell, mister, grandpa doesn't *want* to get married. He *has* to."

Henry was trying to help his son fly a kite in the back yard, but couldn't get it to stay in the air. His wife called from the back door, "Henry, you need more tail."

"I wish you'd make up your mind. Last night you told me to go fly a kite."

An ornithologist says that the stork is too often held responsible for circumstances which might be better attributed to a lark.

Staggering into his apartment, the bibber deposited himself on the bed and fell asleep. An hour later, he was awakened by a knock at the door. He staggered out of bed and opened it to find his drinking companion of the evening.

"Gee, I'm sorry to wake you up, Joe."

"Oh, that's all right. I had to get up to answer the door anyway."

The expectant father was talking to a relaxed veteran father in the waiting room of the maternity ward.

"This is our first child. How long after the baby is born can you resume marital relations with your wife?"

"Well, that depends on whether she's in a ward or a private room."

The gentleman in the upper berth was awakened by a persistent tapping from below.

"I'm terribly cold down here. I wonder if you would mind getting me a blanket," said a lady's voice.

"I have a better idea," he said sleepily. "Let's pretend we're married."

"That sounds like a lovely idea," she giggled.

"Good," he said rolling over. "Now go get your own damn blanket."

ADULT WESTERN: One in which the hero still loves his horse, only now he's worried about it.

"I understand you took out that gorgeous new receptionist last night. How was she?"

"Not so good."

"Yeah, you always were lucky."

Relatives of the late millionaire were gathered for the reading of the will, and at the far corner of the room was seated the curvey blonde who had served as his secretary for the past two years.

"And finally, to Miss Simpson, my beautiful but unfortunately uncooperative secretary, whom I promised to remember here: Hello there, Miss Simpson."

Most girls wouldn't stay out late if fellows didn't make them.

Mary and Bob were in their upper berth on the train to Niagara Falls, and she kept repeating, "Bobby, I just can't believe that we're really married."

From the lower berth bellowed a sleepy voice, "For Chrissake, Bobby, convince her—we wanna get to sleep."

The handsome young man walked over to the beautiful girl sitting at the end of the bar.

"You must forgive my rudeness, but you're so beautiful I had to speak to you," he said. "I've never gazed upon such beauty before. I want to lay Manhattan at your feet, buy you jewels, exotic perfumes, and a thousand other wondrous things. If you bid me welcome, we will fly this very night to Paris, then on to Venice, Rome, India, and finally Egypt for a trip down the Nile."

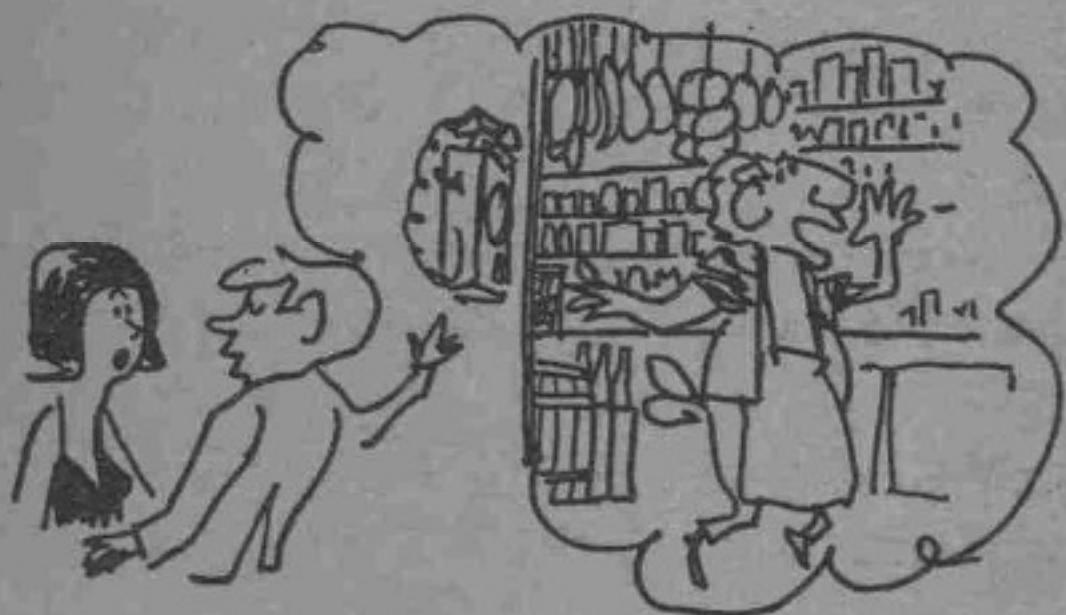
She was utterly taken with this handsome stranger, and could only manage a breathless "Yes."

"Then go prepare yourself, my Juliet, my Venus, my Helen of Troy. When you are ready, call

me at the number on this card. My Rolls Royce will come for you and take you to my plane."

"Is this your private number at your town house or country estate?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "it's actually the delicatessen downstairs, but they'll call me."



A woman with a past attracts men who hope history will repeat itself.

A divorce case was in process, and the wealthy woman complained to the judge that her husband had left her bed and board.

He rose and said, "Correction, Your Honor, I left her bed—bored."

"I had everything a man could want," moaned a sad-eyed friend of ours. "Money, a handsome home, the love of a beautiful and wealthy woman. Then, bang, one morning my wife walked in!"

Never pour black coffee into an intoxicated person. If you do, you'll wind up with a wide-awake drunk on your hands.

Conversation at the club had turned to sex and the techniques thereof.

"But should I talk to my wife while making love?" asked newly wed Fred.

"Certainly," counseled an older member, "if you happen to be near a phone."



Two little Hollywood boys were exchanging taunts.

"My father can beat your father."

"Oh, yeah? My father *is* your father."



Many a wife thinks her husband is the world's greatest lover. But she can never manage to catch him at it.

Harry constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation, he would always say, "It could have been worse."

To cure him of this annoying habit, his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black, so dreadful, that even Harry could find no hope in it. Approaching him at the club bar one day, one of them said, "Harry! did you hear what happened to George? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself!"

"Terrible," said Harry. "But it could have been worse."

"How in hell," asked his dumbfounded friend, "could it possibly have been worse?"

"Well," said Harry, "if it had happened the night before, I'd be dead now."

"If I refuse to go to bed with you," she whispered, "will you really commit suicide?"

"That," he said grandly, "has been my usual procedure."

After rushing into a drugstore, the nervous young man was obviously embarrassed when a prim, middle-aged woman asked if she could serve him.

"No-no," he stammered, "I'd rather see the druggist."

"I'm the druggist," she responded cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh . . . well, uh, it's nothing important," he said, and turned to leave.

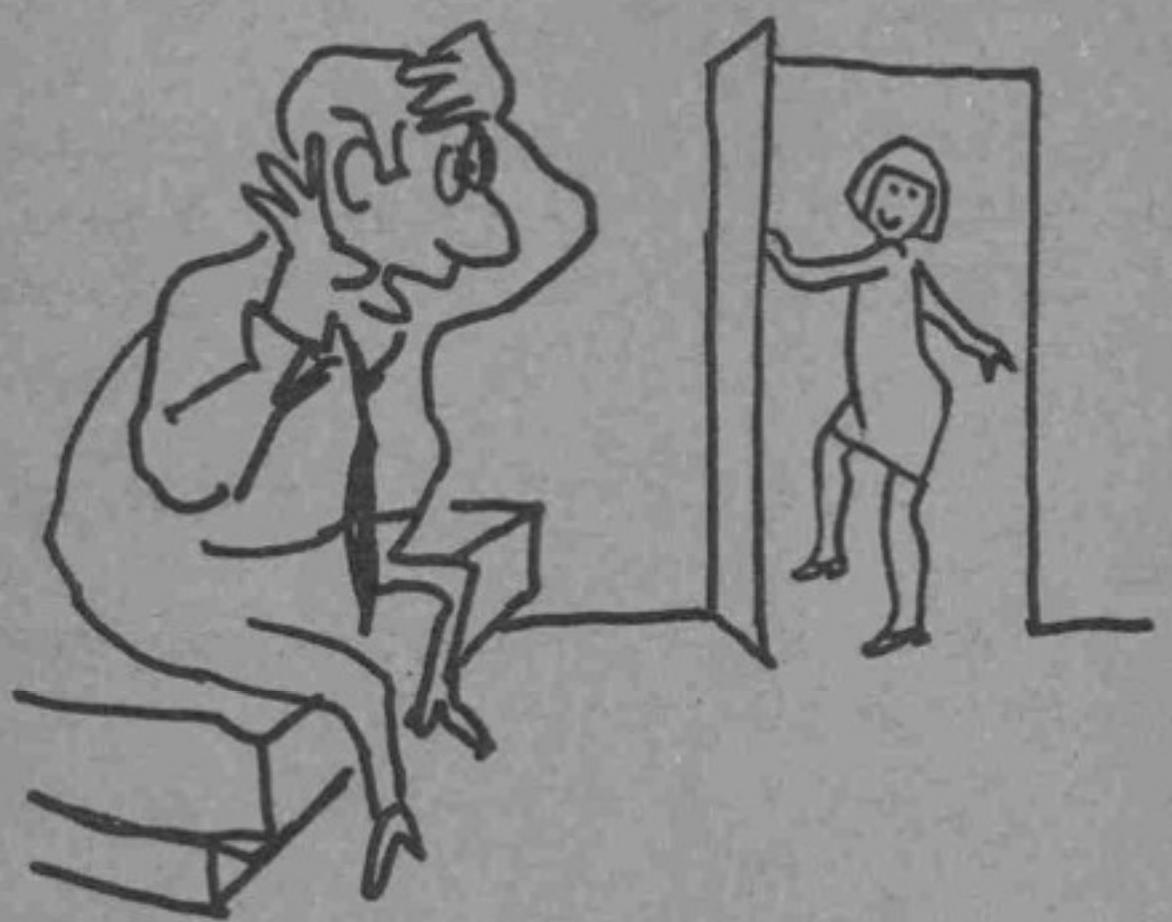
"Young man," said the woman, "my sister and I have been running this drugstore for nearly thirty years. There is nothing you can tell us that will embarrass us."

"Well, all right," he said. "I have this awful sexual hunger that nothing will appease. No matter how many times I make love, I still want to make love again. Is there anything you can give me for it?"

"Just a moment," said the little lady, "I'll have to discuss this with my sister."

A few minutes later she returned. "The best we can offer," she said, "is \$200 a week and half-interest in the business."

In a whiskey it's age, in a cigarette it's taste,
and in a sports car it's impossible.



An Easterner on business in Kentucky met a young lady in a bar, and invited her to his room. As she was disrobing, he said, "Say, how old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen? My God! You get those clothes back on and get out of here."

Pausing briefly at the door, the perplexed nymphet said, "Superstitious, huh?"

Despite warnings from his guide, an American skiing in Switzerland got separated from his group and fell—uninjured—into a deep crevasse. Several hours later, a rescue party found the yawning pit, and to reassure the stranded skier, shouted down to him, “We’re from the Red Cross!”

“Sorry,” the imperturbable American echoed back, “I already gave at the office!”

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines the difference between picnic and panic as twenty-eight days.

Who says the dieting craze is wearing thin? We know a guy whose girlfriend told him that if it wasn’t for Metrecal she wouldn’t be able to get into her toreador pants. So he’s been drinking the stuff ever since.

Moving along a dimly lighted street, a friend of ours was suddenly approached by a stranger who had slipped from the shadows nearby.

“Please, sir,” asked the stranger, “would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun.”

Boasting Sam, one of the worst braggarts who ever bent a bar rail, was loudly lamenting that his doctor had ordered him to give up half of his sex life.

"Which half are you going to give up?" asked a weary listener. "Talking about it or thinking about it?"

A Madison Avenue friend of ours tells of a client who wanted to get his "message" to every married woman in a specific community. The solution to the problem was simple, according to this enterprising publicist: "We just addressed letters to every married man in town, and marked them 'Personal.' "

Have you heard about the new insecticide that, while it doesn't actually kill flies, makes them so sexy that you can swat them two at a time?

"Police?" came the voice on the phone. "I want to report a burglar trapped in an old maid's bedroom!" After ascertaining the address, the police sergeant asked who was calling.

"This," cried the frantic voice, "is the burglar!"



With deep concern, Dick noted that his friend Conrad was drunker than he'd ever seen him before.

"What's the trouble, buddy?"

"It's a woman."

“Tell me about it.”
“It’s your wife.”
“My wife? What about her?”
“Well, buddy-boy, I’m afraid she’s cheating
on us.”



Sign in a pharmacy window: "FOR THE GIRL
WHO HAS EVERYTHING—PENICILLIN."

Sometimes when two's company, three's the result.

The pretty young thing came slamming into her apartment after a blind date and announced to her roommate, "Boy, what a character! I had to slap his face three times this evening!"

The roommate inquired eagerly, "What did he do?"

"Nothing," muttered the girl. "I slapped him to see if he was awake!"

A stunningly stacked blonde walked into a dress shop, and asked the manager, "I wonder if I might try on that blue dress in the window?"

"Go right ahead," he said. "It might help business."

Then there was the band leader who spent all week working on a new arrangement and then discovered that his wife wasn't going out of town after all.

The newly appointed chairman of the local fund-raising committee decided to call personally at the home of the town's wealthiest citizen, a man well known for his tightness with a dollar. Remarking on the impressive economic resources of his host, the committee chairman pointed out how miserly it would seem if the town's richest man failed to give a substantial donation to the annual charity drive.

"Since you've gone to so much trouble checking on my assets," the millionaire retorted, "let me fill you in on some facts you may have overlooked. I have a ninety-one-year-old mother who has been hospitalized for the past five years, a widowed daughter with five young children and no means of support, and two brothers who owe the Government a fortune in back taxes. Now, I think you'll agree, young man, that charity begins at home."

Ashamed for having misjudged his host, the fund raiser apologized for his tactlessness and added, "I had no idea that you were saddled with so many family debts."

"I'm not," replied the millionaire, "but you must be crazy to think I'd give money to strangers when I won't even help my own relatives."

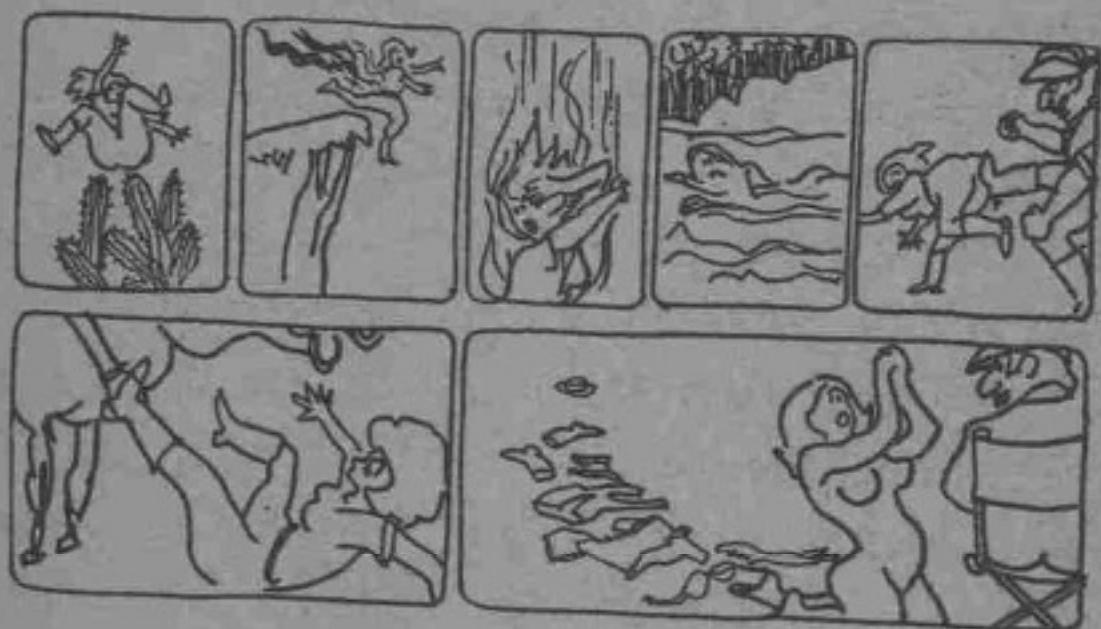
Have you heard what they call uncircumcised Jewish babies? Girls.

While making the rounds of producers' and casting directors' offices, Sally made a successful contact, and, as a result, was offered a speaking role in a feature-length Western.

The first day's script called for her to be thrown from a horse into a clump of cacti. The second day, she had to jump from a cliff, her clothes on fire, into a mountain stream, and swim to shore. On the third day, she was cuffed around by the villain, and the director—a stickler for realism—reshot the scene five times. The fourth day, her boot caught in a stirrup, and a runaway horse dragged her two miles.

She managed to limp wearily to the producer's office.

"Listen," she said hoarsely, "who do I have to sleep with to get *out* of this picture?"



The bank robbers arrived just before closing and promptly ordered the few remaining depositors, the tellers, clerks, and guards to disrobe and lie, face down, behind the counter. One nervous blonde pulled off her clothes and lay down on the floor, facing upward.

"Turn over, Maybelle," whispered the girl lying beside her, "this is a stick-up, not an office party."

Some men are so interested in their wives' continued happiness that they hire detectives to find out the reason for it.

Las Vegas is a great place to go to get tanned and faded at the same time.

A lovely young thing entered a doctor's office on her lunch hour, and addressed a handsome young man in a white coat.

"I've had a pain in my shoulder for a week. Can you help me?" she asked.

"Lie down on this table," he said, "and I'll massage it for you."

After a few minutes, the beautiful patient exclaimed, "Doctor, that isn't my shoulder!"

The young man smiled, and replied: "No, and I'm not a doctor, either."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines minute man as a fellow who double-parks in front of a house of ill repute.

The young executive greeted his attractive secretary warmly as he entered the office.

"Good morning, Marge," he said, tossing his briefcase on his desk. "I had a dream about you last night."

Flattered, but wishing to appear aloof, she casually inquired, "Oh, did you?"

"No," her boss replied. "I woke up too soon."

Then there was the fellow who got badly scratched up fighting for his girl's honor. She wanted to keep it.

In the presence of a client he wished to impress, a high-powered executive flipped on his intercom switch, and barked to his secretary: "Miss Jones, get my broker!"

The visitor was duly impressed, until the secretary's voice floated back into the room, loud and clear: "Yes, sir, stock or pawn?"

The theatrical agent, trying to sell a new strip act to a night-club manager, was raving about the girl's unbelievable 72-26-40 figure.

"What kind of a dance does she do?" the manager asked, duly impressed by the description of the girl's dimensions.

"Well, she doesn't actually dance at all," the agent replied. "She just crawls out onto the stage and tries to stand up!"

A sexy blonde with a stunning figure boarded a bus and, finding no vacant seats, asked a gentleman for his, explaining that she was pregnant. The man stood up at once and gave her his seat, but couldn't help commenting that she didn't look pregnant.

"Well," she replied with a smile, "it's only been about half an hour."

Two successful big-business executives met at a trade convention.

"Tell me," said one, "how's business?"

"Well, you know how it is," replied the other. "My line is like sex. When it's good, it's wonderful—and when it's bad, it's still pretty good!"

Two little boys were engaging in the traditional verbal battle of little boys everywhere:

"My father is better than your father."

"No, he's not."

"My brother is better than your brother."

"No, he's not."

"My mother is better than your mother."

"Well, I guess you've got me there. My father says the same thing."



A man brings his boss home for dinner. A woman lets them in the front door. The boss asks, "Was that your wife?"

"Would I have a maid that ugly?" answers the man.

A woman walks into a pet shop and sees a bird with a big beak.

"What's that strange-looking bird?" she asks the proprietor.

"That's a gobble bird," he answers.

"Why do you call him a gobble bird?"

The man says to the bird, "Gobble bird my chair."

The bird immediately starts pecking away and gobbles up the chair.

"I'll buy him," the woman says.

The owner asks why.

"Well," she says, "when my husband comes home, he'll see the bird and ask, 'What's that?' I'll say, 'A gobble bird.' Then he'll say, 'Gobble bird my foot!'"

MADISON AVENUE EXECUTIVE: One who takes the padding out of his shoulders and puts it on his expense account.

The popularity of TV Westerns is even influencing milady's dainty underthings: There's a new brassiere on the market that is patterned after television's "Rawhide"—it rounds 'em up and heads 'em out.

SLIP COVER: A maternity dress.

Almost as pitiable as the fellow who was tried and found wanting is the guy who wanted and was found trying.

Generally speaking, women are,

When Cleo's parents threatened to forbid her to see her boyfriend unless she told them why he'd been there so late the night before, she began to talk.

"Well, I took him into the loving room, and . . ."

"That's *living*, dear," said her mother.

"You're telling me!"

These days, the necessities of life cost you about three times what they used to, and half the time you find they aren't even fit to drink.



"O.K., you're hired," said the busy executive, moving around his desk toward the buxom young female. "Now, would you like to try for a raise?"

A girl with a well-developed sense of fashion realizes that bare skin never clashes with anything she's wearing.

In the new jet planes, you know you're moving faster than sound when the stewardess slaps your face before you can get a word out.

History credits Adam and Eve with being the first bookkeepers, because they invented the first loose-leaf system.

A man who looked like a high-powered executive began to drop in at Milton's Bar regularly, and his order was always the same—two martinis. After several weeks of this, Milton asked him why he didn't order a double instead.

"It's a sentimental thing," he said. "A very dear friend of mine died a few weeks ago, and before his death he asked that when I drink I have one for him too."

A week later the customer came in and ordered one martini.

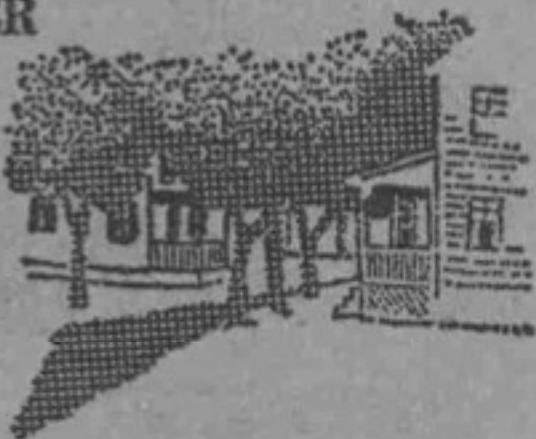
"What about your dead buddy? Why only one martini today?"

"This is my buddy's drink. I'm on the wagon."

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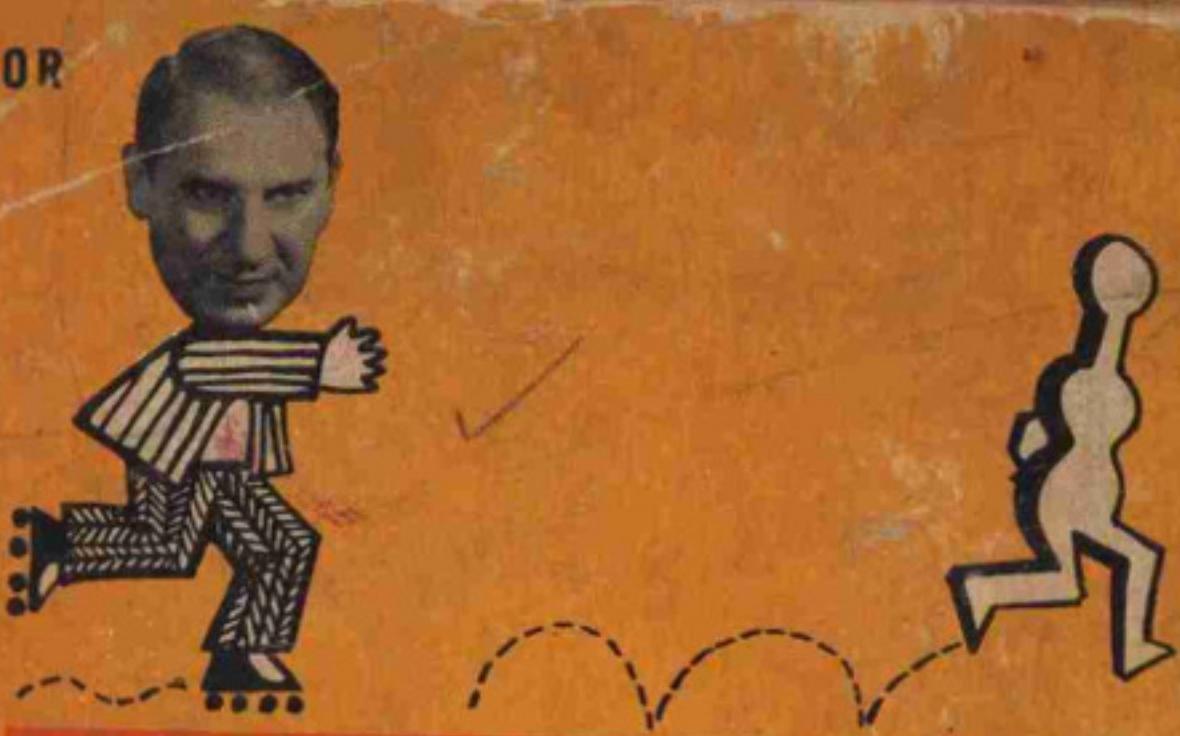
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